

COLLEGE CHEER

"WE KNOCK TO BOOST."

VOL. X.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1918.

NO. 12.

C. L. S. 'WAR SUPPER' A SUCCESS.

Joint Celebration of College Patron and Columbian Day Proves Biggest Historical Event in the Annals of St. Joe.

With the production of "The Merchant of Venice" on the evening of April 16th, by the best of the Columbian "Lits," the Silver Jubilee of the C. L. S. opened. The play proved the best staged at St. Joe for some time and was well befitting the occasion. Though the play lasted far into the evening, yet it held the interest of the audience throughout.

On the following morning Solemn Highmass was celebrated by the Rev. Lawrence D. Monahan, while Rev. Arnold Weyman delivered the sermon. In the evening at six, the banquet was served in St. Xavier's Hall, Hon. E. P. Honan acting as toastmaster for the occasion. At the table of honor were seated the Faculty and Charter members, while at the rest of the tables were seated the C. L. S. of the present. After the "war supper" speeches were in order and several interesting talks were delivered by some of the banqueters. Among the speakers of note were Rev. Benedict Boebner, first director of the C. L. S. and editor of "The Messenger;" Rev. T. M. Conroy, charter member and first secretary; Rev. W. Sullivan, author of the "Retrospect"; Rev. I. A. Wagner, Rector; Rev. Arnold Weyman, former director, and Rev. Ildephonse Rapp, present director.

After the banquet the members assembled in the College Auditorium where they witnessed a program presented by the Newman Club, the Junior Literary Society of the College.

To finish it all up in grand style, the entire student body had another freeday on the following day to "Rest up."

Note.

Commencement is on its way and with it as a farewell comes the singing of the "Hymn to St. Joseph's College." This is a beautiful song and just the thing for a student to take home with him during the summer months. Sheet copies with music and accompaniment may be obtained at 25 cents each by application to the author, Rev. J. A. Henkel, C. PP. S.

Now in Camp.

Rev. James McIntyre, C. PP. S., has been called and is now stationed at Camp Wheeler, Macon, Georgia in the capacity of U. S. Army Chaplain.

Logansport Game Canceled.

The first baseball game of the season had to be canceled on account of wet grounds. The Varsity did not want to give in to the weather man but wanted to play ball, for Saturday afternoon one could see the "Reps" sweeping the water off the diamond between showers, but all their work was in vain. The game was not canceled until Sunday morning when it became evident that there was no possible chance for a game.

Newman Club.

Wednesday evening, while the Columbians with the faculty and charter members were enjoying the "war supper", the Newman Club entertained the rest of the student body with a well rendered program. Following are the numbers in their regular succession:

Go It Alone	Ferdinand Wellman
The Poor Voter on Election Day	Lawrence Miller
Trials of a Twin	Louis Dawson
The Inchcape Rock	Joseph Kallal
When Father Corned the Turk	Fred. Stock
The Relenting Mob	Bernard Zimmer
Music	Newman Band

The Spirit of Contradiction	Henry Lucks
Lockill's Warning	John Mutter
Counting Eggs	Michael Dunn
The Last of the Red Men	Ray Derr
Incident of the French Camp	Ed. Heinz
How the Firm of Brown & Bender Dissolved Partnership,	Harry Foersh
The Boys	Joseph Walsh
Music	Newman Band

Farce — Johnson's Busy Day	
John Johnson — an author	Leo Pursley
Top Toprail — a sailor	John Supko
Jacques de Humbug — a French Inventor	M. Regnier
Capt. Slang — a "Fly" Pal	F. Goettemoeller
Terence Brady — just from Cork	Chas. Sheehan

K. of C. War Fund.

The student body is raising the sum of one thousand dollars for the benefit of the Knights of Columbus War Fund by the collection of Thrift Stamps. Every student is filling a book with stamps and in this manner secures a savings certificate. These are turned over to the College Authorities, and when all the books are in, the College will make up the deficit and turn over to the K. of C's. the one thousand. A free day will mark the day on which the one thousand mark has been reached.

ATHLETICS.

Announcements.

St. Joe vs. Hammond at Hammond April 28.
St. Joe vs. Hammond at St. Joe May 5.

Vacancy Filled.

The last issue of the Cheer stated that the A. A. Board had left one place open on the Varsity, but since that time the place has been filled by Fahrenbacher who will keep the place unless something unforeseen happens. He is certainly a great help to the team both on the defensive and the offensive side of the game. The team's greatest difficulty is overcome with his acquisition, the problem of a pitcher. He has showed up well in practice and there is no reason to doubt that he will not give a good account of himself in the game. And another thing is that we do not expect him to be at the bottom of the batting list when the season is over. All the Varsity needs now is more games and good weather.

Senior League.

It did not take long for the Senior League to organize after the Varsity got out of their way. The teams are too evenly matched to make any forecasts about the pennant. With such men as the following at the head of the various teams who can pick the winner?

Navy — F. Miller Mgr., — A. Schaeffer, Capt.
Marines — W. Kennedy, Mgr.— D. Coleman, Capt.
Army — G. Dunn, Mgr. — J. Hession, Capt.
Artillery — E. Hoelker, Mgr. — J. Oppenheim, C.

Marines 13 — Army 0.

April 23 witnessed the opening of the Senior League when Kennedy's Marines defeated 'Sambob's' Army 13 to 0. The Marines got the lead to start with and kept it throughout.

Artillery 16 — Navy 9.

The Artillery defeated the Navy 16 to 9 April 24, but it was nobody's game until the end. The larger part of the Candy Trust was the star of the day.

Hammond 12 — Kalida 2.

The Junior League opened with a smash and bang April 16, when Hammond came out with its percent column registering a thousand much to the chagrin of Kalida. The game was not as onesided as the score indicates and most probably the next game will make things look different in both camps.

Batteries: Birkmeyer, McCoy, Hammond.
McMahon, Kallal, Kalida.

Washington defeated Glenwood 6 to 1 on April 23 in an interesting seven inning game.

Kalida returned the compliment by defeating Hammond 12 to 10 in their second game.

'Tour of the World in Eighty Days.'

I am a 'Non Commercial Traveler' who spend my 'Hours of Idleness' at the 'House of the Seven Gables, 'Our Old Home.' With 'My Unknown Chum' I started on 'A Little Journey in the World.' Crossing the 'Prairie' we were overcome by 'The Arabian Knights.' 'Ala Baba' and the 'Forty Thieves' took me for a 'Spy,' but having nothing about me except my 'Tales of a Traveler' and 'Pickwick Papers' they released me at 'The Deserted Village.' Here we met 'Irene of the Mountains,' 'Richard Carvel,' 'Ramona,' and 'The Hoosier Schoolmaster.' It was a delight to find 'Every Man in His Humor.' On a short 'Excursion' we visited 'The Hidden Gem,' and found it 'Sublime and Beautiful.'

Coming to the coast we took 'An Island Voyage.' Our 'Pilot' unused to 'The Magic of the Sea,' during a 'Tempest' all but sent us 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.' For 'Hard Cash' I gave in to the 'Terrible Temptation' to 'Foul Play,' and wished him either 'Afloat or Ashore.' 'The Wandering Jew' now proved 'The Man of the Hour.' Playing upon 'The Flute of the Gods' he raised up a 'Mysterious Island.' We landed and made 'A Roundabout Journey' on which we studied 'Nature's Riddles.' Oh, 'The World and its Ways!' We got lost 'In the Wilderness.' My 'Night Thoughts' were those of 'A Man Without a Country.' But why make 'Much Ado About Nothing.' 'All's Well that Ends Well,' and it was not 'Love's Labor Lost.' Now it seems more like 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.'

Soon we were again 'Homeward Bound.' While 'In the Wilderness' we tramped to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' only to find 'Nan of Music Mountain' a prisoner within. While going 'Through the Desert' we were caught in a 'Deluge.' My companion, following 'The Call of the Wild,' made some 'Travels with a Donkey' and was 'Kidnapped.' Being only 'An Average Man' I could not rescue him, but knew what I would do 'If I Were a King.' At last 'With Fire and Sword' and the assistance of some 'Newcomers,' all 'Merry Men,' we, like 'Innocents Abroad,' came upon him traveling 'Across the Plains' with 'The Under Pup.' On 'The Way Home' 'A Certain Rich Man' though not 'Lord of the World' took 'Ramona' 'To Have and to Hold' in a 'Marriage a la Mode.' Such a 'Yoke,' said 'Dr. Queed!' 'Handy Andy' was best man, and 'Her Father's Daughter' bridesmaid.

I will say nothing about 'Home as Found.' With pleasure I again welcomed 'The Voice of the City,' gave 'Mother' 'The Double Squeeze,' and am now happy to be 'A Gentleman from Indiana.'

S-Lib-L.

N. B. — Try this on your piano.

Heard in Rensselaer.

Caron — Have you ever been bitten by a mule? Victim — Have I? Say! the longest time I ever went without gettin' bitten was a week I was in the hospital for bein' kicked.

Honningford — Say, get off my feet!

Jobst — I'll try, although it's quite a walk.

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Address

EDITOR COLLEGE CHEER,
Collegeville, Indiana.

Saturday, April 27, 1918.

EDITORIALS.

What's in a Name?

Possibly you have often wondered why our paper was named "The College Cheer." This is not an unusual name for a school paper, but it happens that it is a very appropriate name for St. Joseph's paper. At first there was not enough to it to hold the reader's mind for more than ten minutes, but now it has grown larger and we hope that the next volume will increase in pages, throwing more "cheer" into the classes and on the campus.

"Cheer" is the main stave in the life of a student. With encouragement and cheer a student can overcome all the snags and whirlpools in the seeming abyss of Latin and Greek. Rules cannot hold a frolicking youth unless he has the good cheer of his superiors, and there are many boys who have been saved by this almost superhuman influence.

We owe much to our worthy predecessors who have given our college paper this apt name. They probably learned by experience that a few words of cheer went a great ways toward the development of a young man. Knowing this they chose the motto "We knock to boost," which has been handed down to us of the present era. By "knocking" we intend to scatter good will amongst the readers of this paper and in this manner cheer them up.

Bearing along the mark set by the old staffs we hope to carry out the spirit of former years. May we all live to see the "College Cheer" flourishing in the form of a monthly in years to come.

Ball Bats.

A ball-bat, generally termed a "bat" by the initiated, is after all an important asset to a College education. Names are made and reputations lost through the right or incorrect use of an inconsiderable piece of wood. Since immortal Casey's performance with the afore mentioned article nations,

millions of mortals hang on the result of a man with a bat in his hand, the papers teem with the exploits of the batter. So after all there must be really something to it. A man's character may be judged by the bat he uses and the one he picks up.

We are all alike when the dreaded moment of 'batting' awaits us. We generally want the one that was not brought out from the club-house or the one that was unfortunately broken by the preceeding batter. He it is that gets the blame if the man strikes out. Here is where you find your grouch. All man's dormant superstition comes to the surface upon picking the club. The little fellow takes the big, heavy one that the other fellow was successful with and to make a hit sure ex-pectorates upon either end of it. It takes long until a man has arrived at such a state where he can pick up the right 'bat' without emotion and the creepy feeling that the other one was the stick destined for the occasion. When once a man can walk up to the plate with the first-picked bat and calmly proceed to business he has already laid the foundation of College fame and of a sturdy self-reliant character.

The Old Fishin' Hole.

The fishin'-hole in the Flatrock
On the banks where we used to play
An' sit with our poles and fish-worms
Oft of a sunny day,

The willows, the cry of the cat-bird,
The water so quiet and still
And the catfish and 'sunnies' that tumbled
About in the water at will,

The bullfrogs that croaked and bellowed
From the snag that had caught our hooks!
How they winked and smiled and boomed
And sang at our darkened looks!

The hooks, the lines, the bait-cans
That rest in the fishin'-hole,
And the old bamboo now broken,
My good old fishin'-pole.

Oft on a quiet evening
When the day's hard toil was over
We would follow the trail to the Flatrock,
Soft path of grass and sweet clover.

Kind were the words then spoken
As together we stood on the bank,
And calm was the golden sunset
And sweet were the airs we drank.

Oft in the paling twilight
My thoughts turn back to you,
O Flatrock, beloved of streams,
Oft I am dreaming of you,

Stream of my youth and boyhood
The deep old fishin'-hole
Oft I am thinking of you,
My friends and my fishin'-pole.



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C. L. S.

The C. L. S. met for their first meeting after the Jubilee on Sunday last and it was a most interesting meeting throughout. Mr. Honan was exceptionally interesting for his talk to the upper class-men and impartial criticism of the play. With only one more meeting on the schedule the Columbians look back with regret to the pleasant meetings of the past year. All will agree that this year has been the most successful and illustrious in the life of the Columbian Literary Society.

The History which through an error made in the printing offices of Chicago was not on hand on the eve of the banquet will be out at a later date.

Upper Hall Notes.

On the morning after the Columbian Day, the students of the Upper Hall were pleasantly surprised to see Bro. Fidelis again enthroned at his former desk. It was certainly good to see him back again after an absence of over two months and we hope that the students will cause him little trouble from now till Commencement. Let us show him that we appreciate his return to our midst by causing him as little trouble as possible.

Antics of a Maccabee.

(As observed by an ex-member of the Club.)

There he comes into the studyhall at least ten minutes late again. He simply cannot be on time, he is not constituted that way. As he enters the door all seems new and strange to him, especially

the clock which he pauses to examine minutely, although he has seen it daily since September. After he is satisfied on this score, he shambles on — but not to his own place, oh no! He must first see if someone may not have posted a bulletin of immediate concern to him. He searches in vain, however, and in leaving the dictionary stand, executes a flip-flop which creates havoc among the empty ink bottles on the lower shelf, disarranges the shelf of reference books and nearly throws Webster's hobby from its post of vantage. A passing Senior scarcely expected such maneuvers, nor the violent collision with the incorrigible lad the next moment.

The accident seemed to sober our I Latin friend for it was not long till he found his own desk and sat down to tell his seat-mate a capital joke he heard that morning. Even this mild sort of disturbance the amiable Prefect will not tolerate, so Mr. Newcomer resolves, rather than "kneel out" for an hour, to apply himself at once to his Latin exercise. As luck would have it, the book opens itself at a very interesting short story towards the rear. It was meant for translation after a few years of grammar work, but this voracious reader feels sure it is an excellent piece of fiction which he must assimilate at once. He has nearly completed it when suddenly an unwelcome sound greets his ear. It is already 8:30 and his classmates are preparing to retire. Oh well, he is somewhat tired too, and perhaps he can finish his Latin in the morning. It is therefore with a clear conscience that he goes to rest.

We shall now pass over a few hours and meet him at class the next day. Of course, the Professor asks him the very words he did not study, instead of those he already knew. The sorrowful result — "Come at 4:45 today."

This is all very well to say now, but may we not have forgotten some of our own past. Perhaps others look down upon us with these same uninteresting sentiments. Better to join with Long-fellow:

"From my heart I wish thee joy,
I was once" — a Maccabee.

G. F. E. '18.

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Oh boy!
This sure is some class;
We all are some shovers
And all is not gas.
Wigmore did you say?
He's a squirrel,
For all the merry camp of imps
When Bill's around, seem mild.
If Mary Pickford is a queen on screen
Then Willie here must be serene.
He's there.
More comes but not quality,
Merely Bones.
But say, boys, ain't he long?
Six feet.
Well I should say so,
Come eleven.
He's got us all beat
When it comes to the two feet.
A shadow comes across my eyes
Oh Davy, what a big surprise.
'Tis you
You look so negative,
You seem minus
Length, breadth and thickness.
Is it merely heat or sickness
That makes your duds fit with such quickness?
But then
You're there just the same,
For there's naught in a name.
Bah! Bah!
Oh whiskered individual!
'Tis naught but Goat
Few words suffice
'Tis rich enough to chaff
He's from the famed Cheer Staff.
Upon the sky
There floats an image
'Tis so cute, so angel-like
It is Bosco, see him quiver
Like the floating tail of a kite.
He is small
But
There's oodles of good in the least.
Iron bars do not a prison make
Nor wine and dames a feast.
Oh Levi, oh Levi,
How much do you vant?
Twenty vun, twenty two
Ach that is too much.
McGinty! McGinty!
The king of the Kikes
Jerusalem abounds
With many his likes.
Football and baseball and track
Are in the next by far,
He's very modest and shy
Oh yes, it's VonderHaar.

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He shines on diamond and field
Not like some by reputation
But by power which he yields.
Then comes Johnnie
With his sixteenth century wit
When a joke grows old by cracking
It's nearly time to quit,
But he
Remains patient to the last.
Among jokes he is at home
But age to him is unseen;
His jokes date far before Rome.

Klem affronts us.
At his pastime take a guess.
When the rest on field are sporting
Klem and Leo conquer chess.
Too bad is it?
I should warble
When they grow up to be men
Brains may always haunt them,
But without strength what is brains?
Troubles hit them with a bang
Urged by Leo's nasal twang
Soon, too soon, they'll both be wrecks
And

In Spring pass in their checks.
Next in procession
Comes a blonde confession
The tallest and longest that ever was.
In rain or in fog,
Or
In weather more wetter
In blizzard or sunshine
You'll always find Vetter;
Tho beauty he has none
His profile is charming
His manner forever will stay in your heart.
He smiles
At us all with love and compassion
I'm sure he'll amount
To a big pile some day.

But Conroy
Down South from the land of the blackmen
Where nothing counts much
And people grow wild
Thru years of hard toil and
Much tribulation,
The College
Has made him one fourth civilized.
Of Kuentzel
Not much
Can here be accounted;
Quiet is he as the Ocean Pacific
And Scoop tries to be,
But his odd personation
Makes him louder to us
Than "The Birth of a Nation."
He seems to be tight
But we're sure
That he don't mean to be,
Or there'd be a funeral

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Last but quick
Comes old Cow Miller.
He's not very much
But he'll do as a filler;
He's funny
But then what do we care?
Without one lunatic
Our class would be bare.
Now I'm sure that you see
What a class we have
And you all will agree
That we're still on top.
So all praise to our gang!
May we all live to be
The pride of our country
Terra
Et mari.

To the Morning Glory.

Unfurl thy purple, velvet sails,
Release that drowsy, homesick bee
Dozing on thy fairy bosom
As the sunshine on the lea,

Ope the portals of thy heart,
Golden messenger of morn,
Waft a kiss to merry sunbeams
To the dews that thou hast borne.

Dainty minstrel of the morning,
Blushing light of youth,
Graceful lily of the woodlands,
Meek and smiling, pretty Ruth,

Soul of love and youthful beauty,
Drop thy perfume in our hearts,
Ope our eyes in early morning
To the dew that never parts.

X. '18.

Lause — I had a dream last night; I dreamt I
went to heaven.

Gordon — Did you see me there?

Lause — Yes that's why I know it was a dream.

Brady — I feel a rumbling in my stomach like a lot
of wheels.

Tony — It must be a tapeworm or that truck you
ate for dinner.

Laugh and the teacher laughs with you.
Laugh and you laugh alone.
The first when the joke's the teacher's.
The second when the joke's your own.

The greatest nutmeg will some day meet a
grater.

Groans from Gregory.

'Tis blissful joy to come to St. Joe
My favorite dish is the green rain-bow,
Last night as I held an ace high flush
But the other guy's full took all the cush.

On that camping trip I took last year,
"Lend me your ears," said King Lear.
"We have met the enemy and they are ours,"
I named my canoe "Happy Hours."

I'm English by all that's great and good,
Some say my head is made of wood.
But Mellen's Food makes babies grow,
My father was my mother's beau.

A **Has Been** may be defined as one whose coat
shines but whose shoes don't.

Not Enough.

"Say, are you the photographer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you take children's pictures?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much do you charge?"

"Three dollars a dozen."

"Vell, I'll see you later then. I've only got eleven
yet."

Food Conservation.

Mr. Justwed — This soup seems thin. What did
you use for broth?

His Bride — Why you see, Mr. Hoover advises us
to use the water food has been boiled in so I
used the broth from boiled eggs — ???

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To Henry.

Who's to blame that we are small?
Nature didn't make us tall.
Clay she had for one, 'tis true;
Mussed it though, and moulded two.

H. F. and myself she wrought;
Better two than one she thought.
Men look down on us and smile;
We look up and grin the while.

See they the earth, but we the sky.
They frown and groan; we leap and fly.
Boys we till Time himself is past.
They, grumped with years, children at last.
S. L.

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